

THE TWO SIDES OF THE DREYFUS CASE BY REPRESENTATIVE FRENCHMEN



M. Georges Clemenceau.

all the men in France who from the time of the conviction of Captain Dreyfus have believed in his innocence and have stood their ground against the bitter attacks of the anti-Dreyfusards. M. Clemenceau, the leader in the French Chamber, has shown himself the most loyal and courageous. L'Aurore, of which he is the editor, and in other Paris dailies, as well as on the rostrum and in the press, he has advocated a revision of the Dreyfus case and has defended the martyr of Devil's Isle.

CLEMENCEAU SAYS TRUTH WILL FREE DREYFUS.

His Friends Ask Is Justice, and the Prisoner Will Be Acquitted and the Real Traitor Discovered.

By George Clemenceau.

RENNES, Aug. 7.—Every one knows beforehand that Colonel Jouaust, the president of the Rennes court-martial, is the only qualified person to lead debates in the way he thinks most conducive to the final discovery of the truth. He alone therefore could answer with absolute impartiality the questions now him.

One of the most complicated and thorny set of papers that ever came before a judge has led him to fix his eyes on certain ways of proceeding, which he intends to follow if events permit.

It is hard to tell, as some people now make the point of publishing that a sensational piece of information is proffered by General Mercier, which will lead to an entirely new departure. However that may be, what is gathered from what is already known and how far can we determine public expectations?

That is what I will try to write for the benefit of American readers.

The first fact we meet at the outset is that the Dreyfus trial in Rennes is the result of an unrelenting campaign of eighteen months for the supremacy of the law throughout the "Republique Francaise."

A Ceaseless Battle Waged for Justice.

For eighteen months we have not allowed one day to fall into the abyss of the past without claiming as our voice could reach: "A new trial for Dreyfus!"

That the law had been violently and cynically discarded in the trial of 1894 we proved over and over first at Zola's trial and then with so much pertinent evidence that a comparatively small number of us who seemed to care about law refused to surrender.

It is possible that only a comparatively small number of people of people seem to care about the law? Citizens in your law-abiding country will wonder, I am sure, at this.

As, the fact is, in this country and in others, too, a great many people feel an intensified love of law. The law is on their side—I mean on the side of their interests, beliefs and prejudices. It is true enough also that when the law appears to be on the other side those who pride themselves in being good citizens are very apt to wish the law had gone down into the lower world.

The Army Fought Fiercely Against Revision.

Thus we had a loud war cry against the "Traitor" and his supporters from the whole conservative "Red" party, who, for reasons of influence too long to explain, are master of all the high posts in the army. Those were very numerous to whom the eventual trial of Dreyfus seemed a blow, we had a loud war cry against those who held that even a Jew had the right to be innocent if he had committed no crime. Thus it happened that the Pope himself left, without even a courteous answer, a letter, in Madame Dreyfus appealed to his mercy, and begged from him a word of justice and pity, which might have saved years of torture for the prisoner.

He appealed then to the people, but it was rather hard for the people to realize the truth amid such a flood of abuse and outrage against those who advocated it. We appealed to political power. Political power would have, fearing the electoral influence of the church as well as of the military party.

Vainly Appealed for Justice.

But Zola and Esterhazy trials show in turn that we had previously appealed in vain to the judiciary power. You may remember that a law was voted by both houses to give to Dreyfus, as judges of revision, a set of judges who had expressed beforehand their strong opinion against the "traitor and the Jew."

That is past. I mention it so that the reader may have ready in his mind the comparative situation of the accused and of the culprit at Rennes.

So must it be remembered that if we had not taken upon ourselves to publish the whole inquiry of the Rennes court in the Dreyfus case not a word would have been known to this day of the frightful transactions and of the innumerable set of forgeries and lies that were a consequence of the original crimes.

At the end of this preliminary view, one last word, to remind the reader that the Supreme Court had the legal duty of finding Dreyfus guilty, to dismiss him without a new trial.

But we never accepted. We claimed that Dreyfus's innocence having been baffled by one court-martial, he should be brought into full light by another.

Dreyfus must be judged openly by his peers. Such was our motto, for we wanted all the people to see that we would be fair play this time, if there had not been before.

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SCENES AT THE TRIAL DESCRIBED BY A WOMAN.

Emily Crawford Pictures the Arrival of Dreyfus in the Court Room; and the Opening Proceedings.

By Emily Crawford.

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RENNES, Aug. 7.—The ancient capital of Brittany was never less moved, never more sluggish than on this memorable day. It seemed a hundred thousand miles away from Dreyfus and his exciting case.

Dreyfus was spared such unseemly manifestations as those which shook Zola's nerves last year and terrified his wife. There was no howling in front of the prison. There was no crying of "Death to the Traitor!" or "Death to the Jews!" or anything like that.

It was expected that the Dreyfusites and anti-Dreyfusites would shun each other and put up at different hotels, but they have tacitly agreed to sink their differences in each other's company. They not only lodge at the same hotels, but they take their meals at the same tables and amicably pass to each other the dishes. They are a drama-loving public of Paris.

Three Hundred Correspondents.

There must be here three hundred newspaper men representing journalism all the world over.

We were all up at 5 this morning, and, after a hurried meal, we rushed to the concert room of the Lycee, where the trial takes place. Military preparations were going forward to intercept a lot of roughs coming from Paris to act riotously.

Dreyfus was to cross the street from the prison to the court house, but nobody was to see him except the military, which barred the street to the right and left of the Lycee door. An officer whispered to me to go to a window which he indicated and get a glimpse of Dreyfus.

The prisoner was to cross the street at ten minutes past 6 and to wait in a private room for the summons to appear before his judges. Precisely at the time named the door of the military prison opened and Dreyfus, guarded by a captain of gendarmes, appeared. He wore a brand new uniform. The stiff linings not having yet formed into the shape of the figure, the whole suit seemed an awkward fit.

Held His Head High.

The three rows of gold braid that were torn from his cuffs on the day of his degradation were glinting in the sun. The man was as stiff as his uniform. He held his head high, as if on purpose, but his shoulders stooped. The step was that of a man not used to freedom and extremely measured and mechanical.

His hair is of reddish gray, his neat mustache is frankly red. The face had a drawn and worn expression, the eyes furtively inquiring, as if looking out for traps and pitfalls. His complexion is fresh—the kind of freshness that accompanies auburn hair. The lips are rather thin, and the chin is that of a strong man. Indeed, the chin contradicts the impression given by the timidity of the eyes.

Captain Dreyfus crossed the hall close to me and entered a room the door of which closed behind him. I saw also the arrival of the witnesses, Generals Billot, Mercier, Chanolne, Gonse, Zurhaden and De Boisdeffre were in uniform, as were many of the field and subaltern officers.

Colonel Henry's Widow on Hand.

The widow of Colonel Henry was most amiably saluted by Generals de Boisdeffre and Mercier. She looks stately and not ladylike. General de Pellieux kept aloof. M. Cavaignac's cheerfulness seemed forced, but former President Casimir-Perier was blithe as a boy.

Lieutenant-Colonel Picquart was in plain clothes and was cold-shouldered by the army people. But, apparently, he did not mind. He had played the winning card and could afford to be indifferent.

No members of the Dreyfus family were anywhere visible, but most of the leading partisans of Dreyfus had come.

At 7 o'clock the coming of the Court was announced in military fashion, the soldiers presenting arms. The judges entered the wings, and were in full dress uniform. They proceeded in Indian file to their places behind a long table on a slightly raised platform. Colonel Jouaust, the presiding officer, is a man of dignified appearance, not unimpeachable, and has an upright, martial air.

Accused on the Stage.

The counsel for the defence have seats and desks on the stage or platform, to the left of the judges' table. The seat of the accused is in front and also on the stage. Facing it on the right, are desks for the registrar and prosecuting officer. All were well in view.

Colonel Jouaust, in a stentorian voice, declared the trial begun, and ordered the accused to be brought in. All eyes were turned upon Dreyfus. His fresh complexion astonished all.

He entered with measured step. His mode of saluting the court was jerky and very composed, but his fingers betrayed feeble nervousness. His voice is not good, but it was out of practice for five years. The first incident was the declaration of the president-colonel that he had unlimited power to call witnesses. He then ordered those of M. Quesnay de Beaurepierre to be cited. The indictment is that of 1894.

Dreyfus Was Cautious.

Dreyfus answered cautiously all questions. The judge was fair, but evidently not friendly. He showed himself, however, sensible and sober-minded, and impressed every one favorably.

The accused is unfortunate in not being able, apart from his sufferings, as told by others, to command sympathy. His countenance only expressed a wish to hide his feelings. It is a reticent face, but not a bad face. One would like it to be more frank. The voice is not pleasing, and the action is less so.

Dreyfus seems without dramatic feeling, and lacks ease in all things. However, he passed through a rough and arduous trial. It was trying, after the experience of the last trial, to be brought into the presence of a public of nobility and stared at and scrutinized by seven hundred observers.

Beware of the twins, Indigestion and Dyspepsia. The prompt cure is Johnson's Digestive Tablets.



M. Henri Rochefort.

The famous fiery editor of L'Intransigeant, who is regarded as the most virulent writer and public speaker in France.

In the Dreyfus case he has taken the opposite view of M. Clemenceau, and has publicly branded all who have upheld the innocence of Captain Dreyfus as traitors and enemies of the truth.

M. Rochefort and Max Regis, ex-Mayor of Algiers, have for decades been among the foremost anti-Semitic leaders in the Latin countries.

ROCHEFORT POURS GALL ON THE DREYFUSARDS.

A Characteristic Specimen of the Anti-Dreyfus Arguments Written by One of the Ablest and Bitterest Partisans in France.

BY HENRI ROCHEFORT.

PARIS, Aug. 7.—The proceedings at Rennes to-day though merely formal, mark the opening of France's trial for her life. The nation stands or falls with the decision of the guilt or the innocence of Dreyfus.

Who is this central figure to whom degenerate Frenchmen have paid homage to-day in the ancient Breton town, redolent with memories of Renan and Demenais?

A self-confessed traitor—you would rightly call him the Benedict Arnold of France. This man is not now, and never was, a Frenchman, no more than Waldorf Astor was an American. The latter is by nature an Englishman; the former is by instinct a German.

There are no people on earth more patriotic than Americans, hence they will understand our indignation against this unspeakable wretch who sold the secrets of our national defence to a mortal enemy of France.

Let the Rennes court-martial decide what it may, all our generals know that this man is a red-handed traitor.

If seven reputable American Ministers of War had declared they knew an officer to be guilty of treason, the American public would accept their statement. Your great liberty-loving newspapers of America kicked Alger out of office though a commission declared him blameless, and the evidence against him was far from being as conclusive as that against Dreyfus.

The scoundrel should have been shot when the first court-martial condemned him. I was exiled to New Caledonia for merely writing my opinions in favor of human liberty, and only a similar punishment was meted out to a man who sold the nation's heart's blood as complacently as his Jewish brethren sell old pantaloons.

Had he been shot in 1894 we should have been spared the humiliation of seeing the German Emperor uniting with Delcasse, of malodorous Fashoda fame, in intriguing for the release of the most mercenary traitor who ever trod earth, not excepting his kinsman, Judas Iscariot.

Members of the Court-Martial Are Mere Puppets.

Loot at the personnel of the court-martial upon whose decision depends the destiny of the most enlightened nation of the world!

It is composed of seven obscure officers who, even if honest, are incompetent. Not one of them is known outside his regiment.

Its president, Colonel Jouaust, is a weak creature. If necessary, War Minister Gallifet will browbeat, bribe and beguile these seven little pawns.

It will be marvellous if these pigmies can hold out against the intrigues of the German Emperor, America's arch-enemy as well as ours, the threats of the murderous Gallifet and the allurements of the Jewish moneybags.

The local racial political barometer at Rennes to-day indicates that our bandit Government has pledged itself to the Jews and the German Emperor to free the traitor.

The Jewish syndicate is represented there in all the might of its moneybags to purchase liberty for him who sold the secret of our shrapnel shell and the inner knowledge of our military mobilization.

Says a Majority of the French Believe Dreyfus Guilty.

King Panamist I.—Loubet—Premier Waldeck-Rousseau, whose monument is the robberies connected with the Eiffel Tower; Delcasse, aptly named Duc de Fashoda, for the indecent haste with which he hauled down the French flag; Millerand, the renegade, and Gallifet, the assassin, are all responsible for our present plight.

In spite of the vigorous agitation in favor of Dreyfus, carried on by a subsidized press; in spite of the influence of the enormous amount of money contributed by the Rothschilds of the world and collected in the synagogues of all nations, a vast majority of the French people believe this man guilty, having been condemned.

The burden of proof is upon those who assert his innocence. And what have they to show? Merely the blunders of some yahoos who joined with honest men in trying to give the traitor his deserts.

The fact of having detected fools endeavoring to prop up the truth with lies does not make the truth less true. I still have hopes that the secret dossier, which is to be examined to-morrow and Wednesday, will be permitted to throw sufficient light on the question to demonstrate that this man trafficked with our national defence.

When General Mercier opens fire on Thursday he may shatter the ranks of the Dreyfusards, even at the risk of incurring the enmity of William the Little.

Unless the morale of the army be lowered by the attacks of the Dreyfusards, France need not stand in deadly fear of Germany.

Maudlin sentiment is playing a part in favor of Dreyfus. His wife and children and even the chains in

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